

Oxford Democrat.

No. 33, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, December 24, 1844.

Old Series. No. 43, Vol. 13.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. CHANDLER.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.
Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the
Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond
the amount charged for the advertisement. A reason-
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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

"Fear not—it is I!"

In the dark hours, when the shades of night
Had gathered gloomily upon the wave,
And the high billows snowy-crested light
But seemed as torches pointing to the grave—
While the loud surge, which beat against the shore,
Gave utterance to its hoarse voice in the blast—
The weary mariners still voiced the oar,
Though lost the hope to reach the shore at last.

Yet toiling on, they watched in wild despair
The waters, dashing by in horrid glee,
While their loud shrieks, which rent the troubled air,
Were lost amidst the roaring of the sea.
As thus they gazed—ere the fourth watch was past,
Each cheek was blanched anew with awful dread,
For, midst the angry howling of the blast,
They saw a shadowy form the waters tread.

As yet it nearer drew, a softened light
Shone o'er the brow, and round the angelic head,
And through the storming of that fearful night
They heard his voice—"It is I—be not afraid."
"If it be thou, hid me come unto thee!"
One doubting said, who on the faint ship stood;
And Jesus answered, "Come," and on the sea
He walked, and safely trod the opposing flood.

But when he saw around wave piled on wave,
His fears o'ercame him, and he, sinking, cried,
"Lord, save me, or I perish," and Christ gave
His hand, and raised him to the vessel's side.
So thou, my soul, in the dark hour of doubt,
Shalt to thy God for help and mercy turn,
Till back the waves that compass thee about,
And from his succor faith's sweet lesson learn.

TO THE POOR.

"The Earth is abundant for ye."

Say it not, O poet preacher,
Not in deed or idle rant;
Be thou not the mournful teacher
That this earth is poor and scant!

Though in hovels mean and lowly,
Millions of thy brethren sit;
Toiling life-long, faint and slowly,
It is meet and it is fit.

What though kings and lords oppress them
What though want and wrong are high?
They have sinews to redress them,
If they only will and try!

Shall a dozen crowns dismay them—
Or a blasted harvest field?
When their million spirits pray them,
By their manhood not to yield.

Streams not God's own sunlight o'er us—
Wave not flowers around our feet?
Wilderness of lands before us,
Bidding drink, and bidding eat.

Say, thou murmurer, what other
Either sea, or sky, or land—
More than these would suit thy brother
Suits his heart and suit his hand?

Pain, I know and deepest sorrow
Dreg a million cups of life;
And a million curse each morrow
As it comes full of strife.

Still I know, 'tis virtue only,
Nobler virtue than can share—
To arise, though poor and lonely,
And reveal the God they hear.

Wouldst thou curse the world that yieldeth—
Curse the good around above?
Fault is in the arm that wieldeth
In these harvest fields of love.

Ho! the West is full of blossom,
Eastward, Southward, o'er the North—
Wing their fragrance to thy bosom,
Bid thee, pray thee hasten forth!

Yet o'er them who sit repining,
Singing thou a mournful song;
While each sun and star-beam shining,
But inspires them to be strong.

Think how Christ was beat and jested,
How to death he bore the pain;
Yet in calm of Manhood rested—
Being cheerful, arose again!

Thought of life it teacheth,
Life immortal, and sublime;
To the present, still it preacheth,
Man of God, abide your time!

Mourn no longer in the alleys,
Curse no more, no more repine;
While a thousand blessing valleys
Cry forever "We are thine!"

POPULAR FABLES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY,

WITH AN EXCELLENT LESSON.

BY A LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It is seldom in the present age of the world,
when the facilities for obtaining information are
so great, that we meet with a believer in the
witches, ghosts, and fairy tales of the days of

yore. Formerly every castle had its banshee.—
Every skirt of wood or shady nook, had chrono-
scled the legends of its good or evil spirit; and
out of the circling eddies of many a lovely foun-
tain would rise a fairy being to pronounce your
destiny. But these things have passed away, and
sober realities taken their place. However this
belief may be denounced by reason and judgment,
and proscribed as superstitious, yet I believe
there are times when a judiciously written article
of this kind may be read not only with profit but
without any fear of harm. I grant that it will
require care and discernment to do this accepta-
bly, without encroaching upon or offending our
own sense of right and wrong: yet I think it can
be done. It may be that I possess more imagi-
nation than good sense, and consequently can find
entertainment in that which, to a fine, well-cul-
tivated intellect, would be insipid and common-
place. Be this as it may, I know from a child I
loved to hear ghost stories. Hour after hour
have I listened to these bewitching tales, and
when bed-time came my mother would wonder
why I held so tight upon her dress, and would
not sleep until my hand was firmly grasped in
hers, and my head snugly stowed away under the
bed-clothes. I could have told her the reason,
but I did not wish to confess it to myself, much
less to another. I fear my readers will find this
time have conceived very unfavorable impres-
sions of my courage; yet let me assure you, I am
not such a coward as you would think. In every
sciomachy in which I have been engaged, I have
generally been the conqueror. I recollect sleep-
ing, and alone too, for a long time, in a room
that was reported to be haunted; but I could not
have been a favorite of the spirits, as it slighted
me so much as never to pay me one visit. I com-
menced this piece intending to record, and there-
by save from oblivion, my adventures with a
ghost.

It was during the summer of 1830, that I ac-
companied my friend Mary J., on a visit to
her parents, in one of the beautiful valleys that lie
among the romantic hills of Chester county. I
pray you be not startled at the idea of a ghost in
the quiet county of Chester, in the good State of
Pennsylvania. Why should not the thing happen
there as well as among the baronial castles of Eu-
rope? Besides, I can vouch for the authenticity
of what I am about to relate.

Among other projects for pleasure, one very
warm afternoon, we determined to visit a friend
about four miles distant; and as galleys are not
so plenty in the country as in the city, Mary was
compelled to be the charioter. I told her I did
not like the idea of trusting myself to her driving,
but she assured me it would not be the first time
she had driven, "Old Ned" over to neighbour
Phillips, that he had too great a share of good
manners and too little spirit to run away and to
sum up the whole, if she did not drive we should
be obliged to remain at home. Having no hope
of anything better, I chose the alternative of go-
ing.

After a pleasant ride, or rather walk, for out of
that gait "Old Ned" was determined not to go,
we arrived at our destined place, and were very
courteously received by the lady of the house.—
Being Mary's friend, was sufficient to ensure a
heartily welcome for me. As pop visits are not at
all fashionable in the country, Mrs. P. would not
listen to our returning before the next day, and
being surrounded by every thing delightful, we
were not at all loath to stay.

The day had been excessively warm, and as the
sun was fast seeking his western bed, a black
cloud arose, apparently just sinking to rest. It spread
with great rapidity. In a few moments the whole
heavens were wrapped in fearful gloom, and every
thing around gave indications of the approach-
ing storm. It came and dreadful indeed it was.
The wind swept all before it—laying prostrate
many a tall and beautiful tree. Flash after flash
of vivid lightning was immediately followed by
peal upon peal of the most terrific thunder.—
The elements appeared to be striving with each
other to gain the mastery. The whirlwind and
thunder-storm never had charms for me. Horror
seized on my very soul, and I can be said scarce-
ly to live until the storm is over. The fury of
the storm was soon exhausted, and passing round,
by its rumbling voice and occasional flash, told
our southern neighbours what it had done for us.

At an early hour we were conducted to our
room by our kind hostess. The one who has en-
joyed them, knows well how to appreciate the
sweets of a country bed-chamber. Suffice it to
say, ours was furnished with every thing calcu-
lated to promote comfort and rest; but unfortun-
ately my friend was attacked with that most unfa-
shionable—unromantic of all aches—the toothache.
However after a lapse of time, and sundry appli-
cations of Cologne and bandages, to say nothing
of my sympathy, the pain yielded, as well it
might, to such powerful remedies, and Mary's
regular breathings soon told me she was asleep.

Feeling no inclination to sleep, I approached
the window, and throwing open the casement,
seated myself by it. It was a glorious night.—
The full moon was careering high in the heav-
ens, scattering the light fleecy clouds which ap-
peared to gambol around her—while here and
there might be seen a single star twinkling for a
moment, and then disappear, as if it were useless
to show its feeble light in the midst of such ef-
fulgence. The air was cool and delicious, fragrant
with the perfume which the grateful earth
and refreshed flowers sent up: while a gentle
breeze, playing among the shrubbery, supplied
the place of nature's absent musicians. The
window at which I was seated opened upon a
beautiful lawn, at the termination of which was
a narrow skirt of woods, among whose trees the
storm had committed much devastation. Now,
all was calm and quiet; and from the spot I oc-
cupied, no trace of the recent storm was visible.

Nature, with every thing around, was at rest.—
It was a season fitted for thought. Can any one
be censured for giving loose rein to Memory and
Hope—to revel upon the true scenes of the one
and the bright visions of the other? Aye, or for
allowing imagination to participate in the feast
at such an hour? When the light of other days
steals over us, time glides away imperceptibly.—
How long I should have sat indulging in my
reverie I know not, had not a low kind of moan
startled me. I listened attentively, but could
hear nothing save the gentle breathings of my
friend; and concluding that I was mistaken, I
was about relapsing into my former train of
thought, when the same strange sound broke
upon the silence. Surely, thought I, this is not
imagination. I arose, and prepared to search
the room, when a clock in the apartment below,
whose strokes I had counted with pleasure for
several hours, now tolled out the dismal hour of
twelve. On either side of the fire-place was a
closet, from one of which it was evident to
me the sound proceeded. The bed, toilet and
all covered places in the room were carefully ex-
amined, but in vain; I could discover nothing
that would account for the noise. As a final re-
sort, I determined to awaken Mary, who I knew
to be very courageous. I went to the bedside,
but when I saw her sleeping so sweetly, and re-
collected how much she had suffered, my heart
would not let me disturb her slumber. I walked
towards the window, and now observed for the
first time that a change had come over the face
of nature. The moon no longer shone in un-
rivalled splendour, but was darkened by intervening
clouds. The wind moaned mournfully through
the trees, while at longer or shorter intervals this
strange sound, increased as it was both in loud-
ness and duration, mingling with the wind, form-
ed the most awful chorus to which I ever listened.
When I looked upon the sudden change without
or listened to the unearthly moanings within my
feelings were past all description.

Such agony I never endured before, and what-
ever awaits me in life, I pray to be delivered from
the horrors of that night. A clammy, death-like
sweat came over me—my trembling limbs would
scarcely support me. There I stood, rooted to
the window, with my eyes fixed on the dreaded
closet, expecting every moment to see some one
or something emerge from it. At last I made
myself an effort, and springing to the bed threw
myself by my friend, exclaiming, "Oh, Mary!
Mary! there is some one in the closet!" Mary
opened her eyes and stared wildly at me—"Are
you up yet? what a little fellow you are?" was
all the comfort I received; and quietly turning
over, composed herself for another nap. This
I determined not to allow. I succeeded in rous-
ing her and then related as well as I could all
that had transpired, which she laughed at with
most unblushing incredulity. She had scarcely
however, recovered from her merriment, when the
dreadful sound swept through the room more aw-
ful than at any preceding time. She fixed her
eyes steadily on me, and starting to her feet, "I
believe, Fanny, you are right," said she; "there
is something in it." As she was well acquainted
with the family, I entreated her to go directly to
Mrs. Phillips. This she would not listen to, as
she declared she would find out the ghost herself,
and have the credit of it. What made the mat-
ter still worse was, that our candle was just flick-
ering in the socket, and we should soon be left
in darkness. She concurred in my opinion that
the sound proceeded from the closet, and de-
termined to open it. I endeavored in vain to
dissuade her from doing so. To the closet she
crept very cautiously, followed by me. By the
time we arrived at it, the hollow moan resounded
in our ears most dreadfully, she hesitated, but
finally, with one jerk, the door flew open, and
there, upon white shelves, in nice order, lay the
newly ironed bed-clothes of the family. "I told
you so," exclaimed the triumphant Mary; but
the repetition of the noise left us little room for
congratulation. "There is another closet!" whis-
pered I; and to this we went with less terri-
fication. It proved to be a clothes-press; and after
shaking all the garments, we were obliged to give
up the ghost in that quarter. One spot yet re-
mained unexplored, the fire-place itself. The
more we listened, the stronger were our convic-
tions that it was the habitation of the ghost. We
accordingly set to work to remove the fire-board,
which, after some difficulty, was accomplished,
when there was displayed to our view a row of
large stone jars, carefully covered and tied up.—
We were now becoming quite courageous, and I
suggested the practicality of peeping into the
jars, as their contents might be similar to those
in the tale of the forty thieves; but Mary was cer-
tain they contained only the good things of this
life in the shape of preserves and pickles, or some-
thing of that sort; so we agreed to let them rest.

Just as we finished the exploration of the last
mentioned place, and adjusted the fire-board, our
expiring candle shot up in flame, and went ex-
tinctly out, much to our regret. Nothing now re-
mained to be done, but to make ourselves as com-
forted as possible under existing circumstances, and
to listen to the ghost, that seemed not at all
intimidated by our search. The clock soon told
us we had entered upon the first hour of the morn-
ing.

Although the moon was obscured by clouds,
yet being at the full, there was sufficient light in
the room to distinguish objects. As we sat close-
ly watching the fire-place, we distinctly saw the
fire-board move. The discovery was startling en-
ough, but we kept our ground—at least, Mary did,
and I dare not leave her. Observing attentively,
we found that the fire-board, after moving out
a short distance without losing its equilibrium,
fell gently back; this motion was perceptible
only when we heard the noise. Mary removed
the fire-board, and we listened long, but could
hear nothing. Replacing it, brought back the light
upon the dulcet subject, as the sun turns true.

dreaded noise. Convinced that it had a great
deal to do with the matter, we lugged the unwill-
ing thing to the window, to have a better view of
it. On examination, it proved to be a painted
canvass nailed over a wooden frame, which, hav-
ing become loose, the wind in blowing down the
chimney, acted upon in a manner to produce the
strange sounds which had so terrified us. Con-
gratulating ourselves upon our discovery, we re-
moved the cause of alarm, and lost no time in
seeking the rest we so much needed.

The next day, our ghost story afforded no small
degree of merriment at the breakfast table. Af-
ter spending a very delightful day, we once more
trusted ourselves to the tender mercy of "Old
Ned," who this time trotted off at a very respect-
able rate, and soon brought us to our home,
where, of course, the story was recapitulated, and
great praise awarded us for our courage.

HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joy to stranger hearts can tell."

What a charm rests upon the enduring name
—my home!—consecrated by domestic love—
that golden key of earthly happiness! Without
this, home would be like a temple stripped of its
garlands: to a father welcomes, with fond af-
fection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in
the hour of distress, and assist in every trial;
there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to
tisp the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister
dwells, the companion of early and happy days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here be-
low, it is home—sweet home! It is like the as-
sis of the desert. The passing of the day may be
painful—our path may be checkered with sorrow
and care—unkindness and frowns may wither the
joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles
from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears,
—yet, when the memory hovers over the past,
there is no place upon which it delights to linger,
as the loved scenes of childhood's home! It is
the polar star of existence. What cheers the
mariner, far away from his native land, in a for-
eign port? or, tossed upon the bounding billows
as he paces the deck at midnight alone, what
thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the
loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in
his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated
around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he
hears them uniting their voices in singing the
sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating
the hour when he shall return to his native land,
to greet those absent ones, so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the
stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the fami-
ly circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries
that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around
him, and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah! he
is thinking of his own sweet home, of the loved
ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks
of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in
the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan: she,
too, had a happy home; but that house is now
forsaken and desolate; its loved ones are now
sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gen-
tle mother who watched over her infancy, and
hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a moth-
er only can sing; who in girlhood days taught
her of the Savior, and tuned her youthful voice to
sing praises to his name—has gone to the man-
sions of joy above, and is mingling her songs,
and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in
heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the
thorny path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in the changing world. The ob-
jects most dear are snatched away. We are de-
prived of the friends whom most we love, and our
cherished home is rendered drear and desolate.
"Passing away" is engraven on all things earth-
ly. But there is a home that knows no changes,
where separations never take place, where the
sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief
for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears
of earth exchanged for unending songs of joy.—
That home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet remin-
iscence which the storms of life can never wither;
it is the recollection of home—of childhood's
home. In the visioned future, there is one bright
star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of
home—of a heavenly home.—Musical Visitor.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC ON EARTH.—The A-
merican Quarterly Review contains a letter from
G. W. Irving Esq. giving a sketch of his visit to
San Marino, a small Republic in Italy, between
the Apennines, the Po and the Adriatic. The
territory of this state is only 40 miles in circum-
ference, and its population about 7,000. The
Republic was founded more than 1,400 years ago,
on moral principle, industry and equality, and
has preserved its liberty and independence amidst
all the wars and discords which have raged around
it. Bonaparte respected it, and even sent an
embassy to express his sentiments of friendship
and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Re-
gent, chosen every six months by the representa-
tives of the people, (sixty-six in number,) who
are chosen every six months by the people. The
taxes are light, the farm houses are neat, the fields
well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort
and peace, the happy effects of morality, simplici-
ty, liberty and justice.

CONVERSATION OF THE FAIR SEX.—The fair
sex are usually great talkers, but I shall not be
so ungallant as to infer that they talk much.—
Their tones and looks can render even nonsense
agreeable. Words pass through lovely lips like
water through a sugar bowl.
"So sweet a language from so fair a mouth,
Ah! to what end would it not persuade?"
"The heavenly rhetoric" of a radiant eye casts a
light upon the dulcet subject, as the sun turns true.

the dreariest vapors into clouds of gold. Great
talkers amongst the women, independently of
their other magnified advantages, "against which
the world can never hold argument," are gener-
ally superior in sense and shrewdness to the same
class amongst the men. If they are not in gen-
eral very profound or extensive in their views,
they observe the highest characteristics of human
nature with a more subtle vision than the sterner
sex. Their quickness of observation in small
personal matters, their delicate tact, the harmo-
ny of their voices, the sweetness of their looks,
and the life, grace and animation diffused over
their entire manner often render their voices, the
sweetness of their looks, and the life, grace and
animation diffused over their entire manner often
render their conversation inexpressibly enchant-
ing. I do not, of course, allude to those who are
below the general intellectual standard, who con-
fine their conversation to frivolous gossip and ill-
natured scandal. It would be grossly unjust to
characterise the whole sex by such exceptions.—
Addison and Steele, though they generally affect
an air of great gallantry towards the ladies, seem
to take rather too much pleasure in exposing the
failings of the weakest portion of the sex. "It
has been said," observes a writer in the Tatler,
"in praise of some men, that they could talk
whole hours upon anything; but it must be own-
ed, to the honor of the ladies, that they can talk
whole hours upon nothing." If a clever poem,
has been written upon "nothing," why should not
female conversation occasionally turn upon it?
for the accompaniments of a fair face, bewitch-
ing smiles, and oral music are more delightful
than even the embellishments of verse. The lively
nonsense of an intelligent and lovely woman,
who is known to be capable of better things at
the proper season, is a most delicious relief to a
man exhausted with the toil of thought.—D. L.
Richardson's Literary Leaves.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN HOWARD.—During his
stay at Vienna, Howard was introduced to the
Queen of Hungary, and had the honor of dining
with her on some public occasion, when the no-
bles of her court, and the foreign ambassadors
were her guests. A circumstance also occurred
at Vienna, which strongly evinces his love for
truth, and the fearlessness of his character in
speaking it, at all times and in all companies.—
Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Mur-
ray Keith, the English ambassador at the Aus-
trian Court, the conversation turned upon the tor-
ture, when a German gentleman observed, that
the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions,
belonged to his Imperial Majesty.

Pardon me, said Mr. Howard, His Imperial
Majesty has only abolished one species of torture,
to establish in its place another more cruel; for
the torture which he abolished lasted at most but
a few hours; but that which he has appointed
lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The
poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dun-
geon, as bad as the black-hole at Calcutta, from
which they are taken only if they confess what is
laid to their charge.
"Hush!" said the Ambassador, "your words will
be reported to his majesty."
"What!" replied he, "shall this tongue of mine
be tied from speaking the truth by any King or
Emperor in the World? I repeat what I asser-
ted, and maintain its veracity."
Deep silence ensued, and every one present ad-
mired the intrepid boldness of the man of human-
ity.

A VERY FAIR HIT.—A collector of church
rates in England, called upon a Quaker who kept
a dry goods store, for the usual sum. The latter
said—
"Friend, is it right that I should pay, when I
never attend the established church?"
"The church is open to all," answered the col-
lector, "and you might have attended, if you had
a mind to."

The Quaker paid the money, and on the next
day sent the collector a bill for broadcloth. The
man came immediately, and in a great passion
asked the meaning of it, declaring that he never
had a single article from his store.
"Oh!" said the Quaker, rubbing his hands, "the
store was open for thee; and thou mightest have
had the cloth if thou hadst a mind."

JACK AND THE ADMIRAL.—Some time since,
at one of the English seaports, a naval comman-
der, a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken
sailor in the street with—
"What ship do you belong to?"
Jack, a dry fellow, knowing the consequence
of telling the truth, coolly answered—
"Don't know."
"Where are you bound to?"
"Don't know."
"What's the name of your Captain?"
"Don't know."
"Who am I, sir?"
"Don't know!"
"Why, I'm the Port-Admiral!"
"Then," replied Jack, archly, "you have a jolly
good berth of it, that's all I know."

THE PARSON AND THE FARMER.—An honest
bluff farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a
bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily
as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest,
told him that "he was better fed than taught."
"Very true, indeed, sir," replied the farmer, for
you teach me, and I feed myself!

The Providence Gazette of Saturday
says, "There is a rumor in town, that Mr.
Dorr is to come out of prison to-day. How-
ever, why, does not appear. We wish it were

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.

A correspondent of the Boston Post introduces quotations from the Madison papers, having a direct bearing upon this question, which the *Natives* would do well to digest:

"This naturalization question was ably discussed in 1787, in the federal convention, as we learn from the 'Madison Papers.' The sages of that convention were then discussing the propriety of inserting certain clauses into the constitution respecting foreigners becoming qualified to hold offices under government. As there is a spirit abroad now averse to our naturalization laws, and against foreigners voting under them, unless they vote one particular way, it may not be inappropriate to quote from the above mentioned 'Papers' a few remarks relative to foreigners."

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved to insert 14 instead of 4 years' citizenship, as a qualification for Senators; urging the danger of admitting strangers into our public councils."

"Mr. Madison was not averse to some restrictions on this subject, but could not agree to the proposed amendment. He thought any restriction, however, in the constitution unnecessary and improper—unnecessary, because the national legislature is to have the right of regulating naturalization, and can by virtue thereof fix different periods of residence, as conditions of enjoying different privileges of citizenship; improper, because it will give a tincture of illiberality to the constitution; because it will put it out of the power of the national legislature, even by special acts of naturalization, to confer the full rank of citizens on meritorious strangers; and because it will discourage the most desirable class from emigration to the United States. Should the proposed constitution have the intended effect of giving stability and reputation to our government, great numbers of respectable Europeans, men who love liberty, and wish to partake its blessings, will be ready to transfer their fortunes hither. All such would feel the mortification of being marked with suspicious incapacitations, though they should not covet public honors."

"Such were some of Mr. Madison's views of imparting 'a tincture of illiberality to the constitution.' May not the same views be urged against any illiberality in our laws? But Dr. Franklin spoke against the notion of Gouverneur Morris. 'The people of Europe,' said the philosopher Franklin, 'are friendly to this country. Even in the country with which we have lately been at war, we have now, and had during the war, a great many friends, not only among the people at large, but in both houses of parliament. In every other country in Europe, all the people are our friends. We found, in the course of the revolution, that many strangers served us faithfully, and that many natives took part against their country. When foreigners, after looking about for some other country in which they can obtain more happiness, give a preference for ours, it is a proof of attachment which ought to excite our confidence and affection.'"

"Mr. Wilson said he rose with feelings which were perhaps peculiar; mentioning the circumstance of his not being a native, and the probability, if the ideas of some gentlemen should be pursued, of his being incapacitated from holding a place under the very constitution which he had shared in the trust of making. He remarked upon the illiberal complexion which the motion would give to the system, and the effect which a good system would have in inviting meritorious foreigners among us, and the discouragement and mortification they must feel from the degrading discrimination now proposed. He had himself experienced this mortification. On his removal into Maryland, he found himself, from defect of residence, under certain legal incapacities which never ceased to produce chagrin, though he assuredly did not desire, and would not have accepted, the office to which they related. He cited Pennsylvania as a proof of the advantage of encouraging emigrations. It was perhaps the youngest settlement (except Georgia) on the Atlantic; yet it was at least among the foremost in population and prosperity. He remarked, that almost all the general officers of Pennsylvania line of the late army were foreigners, and no complaint had ever been made against their fidelity or merit. Three of her deputies to the convention (Mr. R. Morris, Mr. Fitzsimmons, and himself) were also not natives."

"Mr. Madison also stated, in the course of his remarks on the qualification of foreigners, that 'America was indebted to emigration for her settlement and prosperity. That part of America which had encouraged them most, had advanced most rapidly in population, agriculture, and the arts.' S. H.

Cambridge, Dec., 1844.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.

From the New York Herald.

Mr. Editor:—To persons unacquainted with arithmetical computation, the result of the following water will be at once curious and startling. Mr. R. gives Mr. P. one hundred dollars for the following consideration:

If Mr. Polk obtains one electoral vote more than Mr. Clay, then Mr. P. agrees to pay Mr. R. one mill, doubling it for the second, and so on for every additional vote in geometrical progression. The majority in favor of Mr. Polk being determined at 65, the result of the wager is as follows:

\$9,233,372,056,554,575 80cts 6m.
Weight in tons of gold, at 2240 pounds each—1,517,621,093 tons 1402 lbs 1 oz 14,135 drs.
Allowing each man to count \$60 in each minute, it would employ 100 men, 2,923,910 years 265 days 15 hours 35 minutes.

It would require 379,405,375 four horse teams to draw it, allowing each team to draw four tons of gold; and allowing each team to occupy a space of forty feet, they would form a line 2,874,400 5/8 miles long, or 137 times the circumference of the earth, at the equator. A. V. F.

A remarkable thanksgiving gathering occurred at Barnstable, Mass. last week. A matron aged 92 entertained her sister who had come a mile or more in an open wagon, to pass her 95th annual thanksgiving day, surrounded by their children to the ages of 75 years, and theirs again, down through several generations, to the prattlers in the leading strings.

SMITHVILLE IRON WORKS.

From the Piscataquis, (Maine) Farmer.

A few days since I visited Smithville, on Pleasant River, in this county, where there is being erected and nearly completed, extensive works for the making of Cast and Bar Iron, under the direction of Mr. Edward Smith of Bangor.

The Furnace for the making of Cast Iron from the Ore is built of stone, 40 feet square on the ground, 22 feet square at the top and 40 feet in height—a house is erected on the top of the furnace 22 feet square—a bridge about 300 feet in length extends from the top of the furnace to the coal and ore houses, situated on the rise of land of equal height with the furnace. The Furnace is completed with the exception of part of the lining which is made of fire proof bricks.

Buildings. A building 33 ft. by 90 ft. is also erected, in which is a refining furnace trip hammer, &c. for the making of wrought iron; this establishment is also nearly completed. There is also a saw mill, several dwelling houses, shops, & coal houses erected. Mr. Smith thinks he shall be able to commence making iron in a very short time—and so far as I am able to judge, I see no reason why he should not, as every thing seems to be nearly completed, except the machinery to carry the bellows apparatus—this is to be propelled by a wheel 14 ft. in diameter, and 10 ft. in length.

Ore. There are six or eight men now employed in digging ore; it is attended with very little expense. I think that one man will dig from two to three tons per day. The bed of ore is extensive and said to be the first rate quality, and situated within 200 rods of the furnace; it is calculated that the ore will cost less than \$1 per ton delivered at the furnace.

Coals. There is no place probably in New England where coals can be obtained at a less price than at Smithville; there are several townships of land in that vicinity on which the growth was destroyed 45 or 50 years ago; the land is now covered with a "second growth" from four to ten inches in diameter, consisting of white and yellow birch, ash, poplar, and maple. I was told by a man who was making coal for the company that on many acres of this land, there were four cords of wood to the acre. Messrs. Merrill & Emery have contracted to deliver at the furnace 600 bushels per day, during the term of five years at 4 cents per bushel—they have already delivered about 20,000 bushels per week; he has from 20 to 25 men employed in the business.

Roads. The most direct road leading from Bangor to Smithville, passes through Glenburn, Kirkland, Bradford, Orneville, (Mills) village and Brownville, the company having cut a road to Smithville, a distance of about 6 miles, it is so far completed as to make a good winter road.

Laborers. There are now employed at the iron works about forty men including carpenters, stone cutters, masons, blacksmiths, millwrights, and common laborers. This establishment when in operation will be of great importance to this section of our State—it will give employment to a great number of men and teams in the transportation of iron and supplies of various kinds, besides those employed at the furnace and coal pits. It is desirable that while the mechanic and farmers are benefited by this establishment, the one finding employment and the other a market for his produce, that the enterprising proprietors may be successful in receiving a fair profit for their outlay.

Milo, Nov. 20, 1844.

P. P. FURBER.

Surgical Operation under the Influence of Magnetism.—The editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer states that he witnessed, on the 25th inst., a most difficult surgical operation, performed by Professor Ackley, assisted by Professors Delamater, Kirtland, and others, before a class of students at the Cleveland Medical College. The patient was a Dr. Shriver, from Columbiana county, Ohio, quite an elderly man. It was an operation for tumor, situated under the lower jaw and partly in the neck, near the right ear. In reference to the proceedings of the operation, the Plain Dealer has the following statement:

"We happened in just as the professor was putting the knife to the skin. He made two or three frightful gashes, seemingly cutting the throat and not a muscle of the old man was observed to move. We were astonished, and we think the whole medical class, and even the faculty, were not less so than ourselves. The secret was, the patient was in an magnetic sleep. This fact, of course, was known by the professors, but not by the spectators, generally. There stood by the bleeding patient (not suffering) the magnetizer, who, with the magic of Mesmer, had thrown his subject into pleasant dreams; and now, while the knife of the bold surgeon was dashing away at his vitals, and dripping with gore at his throat, he could say to the trembling nerves, 'Be still,' and all was quiet!—What a triumph of mind over matter was there! The will of the magnetizer striking dumb even the living being, and making even his body the insensible subject of dissection! No agonizing groans were heard, as is usual from the conscious patient, to alarm and terrify the operator; but he went quietly on, without haste, and consequently with better effect. It lasted some fifteen minutes, during which time there were frequent consultations among the professors, as it proved to be a malignant case. It caused a frightful wound and a profusion of blood. The patient was removed to another room, still unconscious of pain and the operation; and when we left, he was assuring the magnetizer that he felt quite happy."

Thomas Morris died suddenly at his residence near Bethel, Clermont County, Ohio, on Saturday morning before last. He was apparently in vigorous health before his decease. He has led a busy life, and filled many high offices. He has been member of the Legislature, Judge, U. S. Senator, &c.

Mr. Hiram Staples has been appointed Keeper of the Cape Elizabeth Light, (vice Mr. George Fickett removed,) and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY. Mr. Bibb, Secretary of the Treasury, came near ending his official relations with the Government, last night, by an accident which remains as yet unexplained. His sleeping apartment was discovered on fire at a late hour, though before retiring he had adopted even more than customary precaution. The size of the room alone prevented him from being smothered, as the rug, carpet, and part of the furniture were consumed before he was awakened.—Mirror.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 24, 1844.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

The Whig Party are at the present time engaged in charging the Democratic Party with the intention of provoking War with Mexico. The charge is without the least color of foundation, except, in their own disordered imaginations.—It is neither the interest or inclination of the Democratic Party to provoke war with any Nation, and much less upon a Nation feeble in itself, and rent asunder by faction and despotism.

Were it the present wish of the people of the United States or of the Democratic Party to extend this Republic by conquest to the Isthmus of Darien, it would be no easier said than done. Were the United States bent on such a scheme, combined Europe could not prevent it. The whole world could not stop her career. Conquer she could, and conquer she would. But the truth is, her citizens have no disposition to acquire glory in this manner. They all desire peace; and the policy of all our great states men, has been such as to secure it.

But however much the people of this country may be disposed to peace, or averse to war; or, however bright the prospect now may be for acquisition of Mexico, it is the solemn duty, as we believe it to be the intention of our Government to pursue towards that Republic, a course of policy which will show a strict regard to justice, and right. Mexico has placed herself in the wrong. She though weak and distracted has insulted our Government, and people, without a cause. If she should yet retract her steps, she may be safe; if not, ruin awaits her. If war does come the blame must ever rest on her. If Mexico does not relinquish her pretended right to Texas—a country which she purchased its freedom, as we purchased ours, and retract the charges of intrigue, and deception she has preferred against us, War may come. As we understand the matter, war under these circumstances is inevitable. For our Government could not stand charged with such baseless without open disgrace. And should such a crisis come as we have some reason to fear we should expect to find many, very many of the self-styled Whig Party, where we found their Grand-sires of Old, aiding and assisting the enemy, and in hostile array against the Government of their Nativity. Shame on that disposition in individuals or in parties which would secure the adoption of its own opinions, or prove traitorous to the power which gave them birth, and nourished them into existence.

Fire in Salem.—A most destructive fire broke out in Salem on the night of the 18th inst. It consumed dwelling houses, numerous stores, boarding houses, and a vast amount of Furniture and Goods. A great number of persons, women and children, were turned into the street without a sufficiency of clothing to protect them from the inclemencies of the weather, and were made homeless witnesses of the dreadful scene, on that extremely cold night. Several persons were severely injured during the fire. The fire was at last subdued by the unremitting exertions of the Fire Department of Salem and the adjoining towns; but not until past noon the next day. The streets were filled with Furniture Goods, and all kinds of moveables placed there to secure them from the devouring element. The loss was estimated to exceed \$100,000. Forty or fifty buildings with an immense quantity of lumber, besides clothing, grain, flour and other valuable merchandise, was totally destroyed.

"YOUR NEPHEW."—A Mr. M. of Baltimore, was called upon by a young man who said he was from Philadelphia and was his nephew. Mr. M. knew he had a nephew in that city, but did not know this young man nor his nephew; but taking it for granted that this person was what he pretended to be, he took him in and entertained him. During the evening the stranger said he had been aboard the cars and had been robbed, and he wished a loan of \$100. The uncle gave him all the change he had in his pocket, after which the nephew was missing. It turns out that the fellow was no nephew, but a bare-faced impostor. People would do well to look out for such nuisances.

Rev. James Pratt, an Episcopal Clergyman, of Portland, has recently had an invitation to become pastor of a Church in Philadelphia. He prefers Portland, however, to the City of brotherly love, and does not accept the call.

Hon. Nathan Clifford, of Newfield, we learn by our exchanges, has been mentioned as a candidate for member of the Cabinet. There is a great number of New England men who are talked of for Cabinet Officers, viz:—Messrs. Clifford, Fairfield, and Weston, of Maine; Mr. Henry Hubbard, of New Hampshire; and Messrs. Morton, Rantoul, and A. H. Everett, of Massachusetts.

We had a powerful rain during Sunday night and Monday; and are having a boisterous North-wester to-day. The large body of snow on the ground has been transformed into ice.

A joint resolution for the Annexation of Texas has been introduced into the Senate by Mr. McDuffie of S. Carolina. It is in substance the Treaty of Mr. Tyler, which was rejected at the last Session. Mr. Inglesol has introduced a similar resolution into the II. of Representatives.

Mr. Benton has likewise introduced his plan into the Senate. It is similar to the one he introduced at the last Session, and requires the consent of Mexico.

Mr. Treadwell, Portrait Painter, is now in this Village engaged in his favorite employment. Should any be desirous of transmitting their persons almost, their faces in particular, to posterity, they will do well to secure his services forthwith. As a Portrait Painter, he is scarcely excelled by any in the State. His Portraits do not speak, it is true, but they come very near it.

Property to the amount of \$25,000 was destroyed in Ellsworth, on the 13th, by fire. Seven large buildings were consumed. Others were repeatedly on fire but the flames were as often arrested and they were saved.

A TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING. Will be held at the Meeting House on Paris Hill on the 2nd Wednesday, the 8th, of January next, at ten o'clock A. M. Messrs. Dow and Wallon of Portland, those indefatigable and efficient laborers in the cause of temperance, will attend, by invitation, and address the meeting. Come one, come all.—Comm.

The people of New Hampshire are moving in relation to a Railroad from Montreal to Boston. A Bill has been introduced into the New Hampshire Legislature to incorporate such a Road. Maine must move in this enterprise, and move with a will, or Boston and New Hampshire will steal the march of her.

Behold how these brothers love one another.—It was but a short time ago that the Kennebec Journal was beseeching the Liberty Party to come up to the support of Clay, and with the most dolorous lamentations with uplifted hands, it cried out to Mr. Willie, "help," "help," or we sink. The help was not granted; and the following note shows the brotherly relations of Mr. Willie and Mr. Severance:—

The editor of the Kennebec Journal ought to meet the publication of that Garland forgery before the jury-box. That would show who has misrepresented, and we hope it will be brought there.—Liberty Standard.

Commence your action, Mr. Willey, as soon as you please. We hereby promise to sue you for libel at the same time, for the publication of the article from Leavitt's Chronicle, inserted in this week's Standard, which we conceive to be libellous, as we know it to be false. Go ahead, Mr. Willey!—Kennebec Journal.

The Franklin Register has passed into the hands of J. S. Swift, under whose editorial charge it will in future be published. The paper is soon to be embellished with new type, and is to be enlarged. A new name is likewise to be given it; and it is to be published entirely independent "of political parties."

Will Dr. Hitchcock send us a copy of his Teeth Almanac. We will pay him in Editorial coin.

A white bird, apparently as large as a goose, was seen near the road from this village to the Poor Farm on land belonging to Capt. Bowker. What kind of a bird was it?

Most likely a *White Owl*, a bird not very uncommon in this State.—Printer's Devil.

Richard D. Rice is hereafter to be the Editor of the Augusta Age, and will have the exclusive control and responsibility of that department of the paper.

The Legislature of this State will convene in one week from to-morrow—being the first day and the first Wednesday in January.

ANOTHER TERRITORY.—A bill is before Congress for the organization of another new territory, west of the Missouri river, to be called the "Nebraska" territory. We learn from the report, that this territory is to embrace only our undisputed possessions on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Its boundary line commences at the mouth of the Kansas and runs up the Missouri river, to the mouth of the Running water river and purchases that stream to the head of the Northern branch, and thence due West to the Wind river chain. From this point, turning Southward, the line continues along the Wind river range and the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the head of the Arkansas; and following that stream to the mouth of the Pawnee Fork, passes by the heads of the Neosho and Osage rivers, again to the mouth of the Kansas.

The limits of this territory includes the extreme head of navigation of the Arkansas, all the good lines of communication with California, the road from our frontier to the Mexican boundary and Santa Fe, and also an excellent and more direct pass to Oregon, discovered by exploration, about 160 miles Southward of the great Santa Pass.

The valleys near the head streams of the Arkansas, the Platte of Nebraska and the Yellow Stone rivers, within this boundary are said to contain much rich land.

The Legislature of New Hampshire has again rejected the portion of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands assigned to that state by congress. The vote of the house was 137 against to 93 in favor of accepting—a majority considerably larger than that by which the legislature before rejected the bribe.

AN EXTENSIVE ROPE.—A rope has just been completed at the establishment of George J. Weaver, Philadelphia, for the Inclined Plane, on the Western side of the Schuylkill. It is 6000 feet in length and 9 1/2 inches in circumference. It was made without splicing, and is uniform in its appearance throughout. It weighs about ten tons.

"Supported by the Intelligence of the Nation." From the N. Y. News.

ONE WORD MORE ABOUT "READING AND WRITING."

This, we all know, is a favorite pretension of the Whigs, that they have all the education of the country on their side, and we all the rabble ignorance. The pretension is as untrue in fact, as it is impudent in the manner in which we so often hear it advanced. Some of their papers (the *Tribune* in particular) which lately ventured to provoke a little attention to the subject, burned their fingers pretty severely in the attempt. We add to what we have already published on the subject, the following from the *Pennsylvanian*, which will show conclusively the fact of a greater proportion of ignorance, of those rudiments of education, in the Whig than in the Democratic States. It shows the numbers of electoral votes of each State, corresponding of course to population, together with the number of white persons in each above the age of 20, who cannot read and write. It is not the less mortifying to see so large a number of these, even though the figures do tell more strongly against our political opponents than against our own friends.—We earnestly trust that the returns of the next census will make rather a better show in this respect than those of the last.

States.	Electors for Polk.	Can't read and write.
Maine,	9	3,241
New Hampshire,	9	942
New York,	36	44,452
Pennsylvania,	26	33,940
Virginia,	17	58,787
South Carolina,	9	20,615
Georgia,	10	30,717
Alabama,	9	22,592
Mississippi,	6	8,360
Louisiana,	6	4,861
Indiana,	12	38,100
Illinois,	6	27,502
Missouri,	7	19,457
Arkansas,	3	6,567
Michigan,	5	2,473

Showing 167 persons who cannot read and write, for every Polk elector.

States.	Electors for Clay.	Cannot read and write.
Massachusetts,	12	4,448
Rhode Island,	4	1,614
Connecticut,	6	526
Vermont,	6	2,270
New Jersey,	7	9,385
Delaware,	3	4,832
Maryland,	8	11,817
North Carolina,	11	56,600
Tennessee,	13	58,631
Kentucky,	12	40,018
Ohio,	23	35,394

Showing 105 persons who cannot read and write, for every Clay elector.

A law is said to exist in Mexico, enacting that no one shall be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage after the year 1850, unless he can read and write. We should be well content to see some regulation of the elective franchise on the same principle by our States—and should be pleased to compromise on this ground the existing difficulty with the new party of "Native Americans!"

GREAT RIOT IN GEORGETOWN, O., SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED.

A slip from the office of the Telegraph, published at Georgetown, Ohio, (about 46 miles this side of Cincinnati,) gives an account of an affray which took place on Monday last between some Kentucky negro hunters and a number of abolitionists residing in the Red Oak Settlement. The runaway negroes had been secreted in the houses of Robert Miller and Absalom King.

Miller's house was searched, and two of the slaves discovered, who attempted to escape, and while Miller was in the act of aiding their escape he was knocked down and stabbed repeatedly by the incensed Kentuckians. He lingered but a few moments and died. The two slaves were then bound, when they proceeded to the house of King, where they were met by four or five armed men who declared their determination to resist any search of the house.

Both parties being well armed, a most horrible conflict ensued. A son of Col. Towers, was killed immediately; King, while reloading some of the fire-arms in the house, was shot by some one through a window in the back part of the house, and was not expected to survive.—The Sheriff and his posse arrived and checked the riot, and the ring leaders of each party were arrested.

But another band of Kentuckians soon arrived and commenced another scene of bloodshed. One of the slaves was hung without ceremony for resisting a brother of Col. Towers, who had captured him. The houses of Miller and King were burned to the ground, with all their contents. They then went to the house of Mr. Alexander Gilliland, tore him away from his family, and beat him until life was despaired of.

The Telegraph adds: "The number of the Kentuckians is increasing hourly, and the whole neighborhood is up in arms."

True Charity.—A man and his wife came to Upper Marlborough (Md.) on foot last Thursday, in a destitute condition, and while there the woman was taken sick and died on Friday night.—Her relatives live in Perry county, New York, where she was married to Patrick Leonard, the man who came with her, and who is a native of Ireland. They were taken in by Dr. Harper and his kind lady, who administered to the wants of these destitute strangers. "Verily such charity will have its reward."

The bachelors talk of coming out of their hiding places and having a public celebration, on the 31st inst. the conclusion of leap year.

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Illickly, Esq. pamphlet pu in 1775. W. Mechanic As is a series of the American one among th ed during th much to enci stance to ex or theoretic these series v entitled the the close of artful review ery favorable every unfavo or made to while the su ture more been said the cause than a have done y men, wome ry and every and implan succeeded.

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From the Bangor Whig and Courier.
AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE
OLDEN TIME.

We received from our friend Bushrod W. Hinckley, Esq. of Bluehill, a venerable appearing pamphlet published in Boston, by John Boyle, in 1775. We shall be glad to present it to the Mechanic Association Library in his name. It is a series of tracts entitled "The First Book of the American Chronicles of the Times," making one among that remarkable series of Tracts issued during the Revolutionary war and which did much to encourage the people in their manly resistance to every approach of oppression, real, or theoretical, from the mother country. Among these series was one written by Robert T. Payne entitled the "Crisis," a number being issued at the close of each summer campaign in which an artful review of the past was undertaken and every favorable point brought out in bold relief and every unfavorable point so thrown into the shade or made to assume a somewhat false position, while the supposed plans and preparations of the future more so gilded and magnified that it has been said these tracts did more service in the cause than an army of ten thousand men could have done without them. They were read by men, women and children throughout the country and everywhere awakened the deepest interest and implanted a solid faith that the cause would succeed.

A collection of all these revolutionary tracts in our public libraries would be a pleasant thing, and we have no doubt but that most of them might be found stowed away with the book rubbish of some of the old families whose effects have come down through a generation or two.

The pamphlet before us begins with the subject of the destruction of the Tea in Boston and proceeds in scripture style to give the principal events as they occurred relative to the assembling and proceedings of the first Congress, the course of General Gage, Governor Hutchinson, &c.

In order to show the style of this work we give an extract of the supposed remarks of one to the King after he had listened to his counselors: "Then arose Mordecai, the Benjamite, who was four score and five years old, an aged man whom the Lord loved, a wise man, a soothsayer, an astrologer, in whom was wisdom from above, and he said unto the King, I pray thee, O King, let thy servant speak."

And the King commanded that he should speak.

Then Mordecai spake aloud in the presence of all the Princes, the Nobles, the Counsellors, the Judges, and the Rulers of the people, and, O King, live forever.

Thy throne, O King, is encompassed about with lies, and thy servants, the Benjamites and the Hutchinsonians, are full of deceit, for be it known unto thee, O King, they hide the truth from thee, and wrongfully accuse the men of Boston, for behold, these letters in mine hand witnesseth sore against them; O King, if thou art wise, thou wilt understand these things."

New Counterfeits on the Bank of New York.—50's and 100's. The 100's are payable to C. Heyer, dated July 1, 1844; C. B. Halsey, cashier, J. O. Hout, president; vignette, an angel with medallion—left hand, a head and helmet, well executed. The 50's are the same letter, signature and date; vignette, a female figure, a shield and eagle; on the right hand a monument of Washington, with an eagle in front at its base. These notes were received at the Bank of the Metropolis in Washington, to the amount of \$500.

LAWYER FIGHT.—Two lawyers named Spencer and Mason, at Hagerstown, Md. had a personal rencontre in the court room at that place on Thursday. They were engaged upon opposite sides as counsel in a case then before the Court, and argument proving unavailing, they resorted to blows. The court fined each party \$25, and required them to enter into bonds to keep the peace.

WHOLE NIGGER. "Oh, mother! I jest seed a man with one half his face as black as—as—" "As what Sammy?" "Black as all creation, mother—wasn't he an object?" "Lord love you little dear, you don't say so!—he must be half negro." "Go to thunder, old woman!—he was a whole nigger—'other half was just as black." "Take that, you little sarplint! My gracious, how sassy children is!"

Dow, Jr. says, for my own part I am fond of such sweet bitters as babies and the more spunk and spirit they exhibit, the better I like them, for I was a baby myself, and if squalling be indicative of future eloquence, then the power of preaching was in me from the beginning.

DISTRIBUTION.—The Virginia House of Delegates have voted, 74 to 51, to receive the State's portion of the money arising from the sale of the public lands. The Richmond Enquirer says the vote was passed by the aid of committed Democrats, in opposition to the will of a majority of the people of the State.

The Artesian Well at Grenelle, near Paris, is 1800 feet deep, and throws up a column of water 30 feet above the surface of the ground. The temperature is 51 degrees, and the water is used for baths and green houses.

Some years since, in Boston, there was a dealer who always advertised himself as, "I pray opposite the old South Church."

There is a law in Mexico, enacting, that no one shall be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage after the year 1850, unless he can read and write.

Mr. T. Sully, Jr., has gone to Tennessee, to paint a full length portrait of the President elect, which is to be engraven by Sartain.

DEMOCRATIC JUBILEE.

The Democracy of the District of Columbia, celebrated at Washington, on the 27th of Nov., the recent democratic triumph, in most splendid style. We give below some of the descriptions of the banners, and the mottoes borne on them—

The inauguration scene—east side of the Capitol. Motto: 'We'll hear your inauguration on the 4th of March, 1845, James K. Polk.'—Reverse motto: 'Coons, give place—clear the space.'

Interior of the President's House. James K. Polk standing. Motto: 'Take the presidential chair, James K. Polk.' On the reverse: 'Out of the way, Mr. Clay.'

Maine—A shield with a stag reposing under a tree, emblazoned on a white field, with a husbandman on the right and a sailor on the left for supporters; the motto, 'Vigilance,' on the top, and above it a sun. On the reverse, the motto, 'Liberty without licentiousness'; and 11,500 majority for Polk.

The Globe says:—Mr. King, a native of Maine, now a resident of this city, carried in the line with the Young Hickory Club, a banner of white satin, got up by himself, to represent that State. On it were painted mountains, with a river meandering between, a school-house, and a man felling a tree. On the side of one of the mountains are two Yankee democrats, with a long lever resting on the top thereof, and its end under the sun, in the act of raising the same, with this motto: 'We have raised the sun of democracy.' Federalism, whatever name it may assume, can never darken it. On the other side of the banner, which is of orange colored silk, is painted the coat of arms of Maine, with the motto: 'Free suffrage, equal protection, and no monopoly.' On the top of the pole was a large gilt eagle, holding in his beak two silk tassels.

Abernethy's Advice to a Yankee. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, not less distinguished for his honor than his eminent medical abilities, was the author of the following:

"I never saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a Boa Constrictor. How can you expect to digest food that you do not take the trouble to masticate? It's no wonder you loose your teeth, for you never use them—nor your digestion, for you overload it—nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch in with a dogfork, and then drive off. And then you complain that such a load compost is too heavy for you! I'll tell you what—take half the time to eat that you do to draw—chew your food half as well as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a week."

Novel Adventure.—The N. Y. Tribune is responsible for the following: A young gentleman of Troy, while on his way up the Hudson in the Swallow, thrust himself, in his sleep, through the small window of his berth, [in the forward cabin,] until his feet touched the water. Coming out just in front of the paddle wheel, where the spray moved rapidly, he awoke from his dreams, and found he was situated in the midst of a horrid reality. He could not crawl back, so he shouted for help, but no-body came; he then pounced on the window of the next berth, and finally roused up a person, who gave the alarm. The Captain supposed it was some insane man, but lowered the boat, and the unfortunate gentleman was rescued from his extraordinary situation.

FIRE. The new Starch Factory, situated in Bloomfield, Me., and owned by Fletcher, Coburn & Co., was discovered to be on fire about 11 o'clock on Sunday last, and had made such progress before any efforts were made to check it that it was found impossible to save it, and the entire wood work of the building, together with all of the machinery, were entirely destroyed. The factory was finished on Saturday night, and they would have commenced manufacturing starch on Monday. The fire is supposed to have taken from a defect in the stove pipe in the drying room. About \$500 worth of joiners tools were destroyed. The loss is estimated at about \$4000. No insurance.

The Annexation of Texas.—The Richmond Enquirer, in speaking of Mr. Benton's bill, says— "This bill, if passed, is only calculated to defeat the annexation now, and to jeopardize it hereafter. There is another objection to this bill. It is an insult to Texas, who will never consent to be received by the United States as a dependency of Mexico, and requiring the consent of Mexico to an union with the United States."

ALIVE AND KICKING.—A few weeks since a wag in Hartford, thinking it a most capital joke, circulated a report that a friend of his was dead. The friend, not liking the joke so particularly well went to the wag's own house and kicked him out doors. In addition, he should have made the chap sign an affidavit that he was not only alive but kicking!

Jack Downing on the advantages of Advertising. "There's nothing that greases the wheels of business like newspaper advertising. Bear's his sin't a touch to it."

'You're a queer chicken,' as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

Somebody says a bedbug is like a railroad car, because it runs over sleepers.

We have been informed that Hon. NATHAN WESTON of this town, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State is a candidate for the office of Attorney General of the United States, in the cabinet of Mr. Polk.—Augusta Age.

We hear that Mr. Jarvis is not appointed Collector of the Customs district. His appointment was revoked after he left Washington.—Belfast Journal.

A London dealer in furs in his advertisement, gives the following very agreeable information to his fair customers:

"Ladies wishing to have a genuine article, can select their own skins."

Mr. Samuel McLellan has had his leg broken, in Bath, by the boys sliding down hill.

Look out for counterfeit five dollar bills on Northampton Bank Mass.

Aaron Burr once said that "law was whatever was boldly asserted, and plausibly maintained."

You Shall Believe.—Belief is not an act of the will. Sufficient evidence tempts our assent; so latent, dear reader, and I will convince you that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is far the best remedy for diseases of our climate to be found in this country. It is formed by chemical extracts from vegetables (the Wild Cherry, Pine, &c.) that nature seems to have placed here as powerful antidotes to all affections of the Lungs and Liver that our ever changing climate induces. After the skill of our greatest physicians was exhausted, it has cured Asthma in various cases. It cured a lady of an incipient Consumption, whose family had all died of the same disease. Refer to James Platt, Esq., Editor of the "Poughkeepsie Eagle." Thomas Cozens, Haddonfield, N. J., testifies, under oath, that it cured him of an internal Abscess, violent Cough, raising of Blood, &c., after he was deemed beyond hope. We could refer to plenty of such instances of its uncommon power. The doubting are invited to inquire of individuals and cases that we allude to, as we publish no statements that will not bear the most rigid scrutiny.

See Adv. of Dr. Wistar's Balsam in another column of this paper. bab32

MARRIED.

In Greenwood, Mr. Charles Tubbs, of Norway, to Miss Mary Young, of G. Mr. Amos H. Chipman, of Poland, to Miss Lovicy Cole, of Greenwood. In Sweden, Mr. Franklin Hosmer, to Miss Eliza Ann Stiles, both of Sweden. In Fryeburg, Merrill Wyman, Esq. of Fryeburg, to Miss Martha P. Meserve, of Bartlett, N. H. In Norway, Mr. Jacob H. Swan, of Denmark, to Miss Eunice A. Frost, of N.

DIED.

In Otisfield, Dec. 3, Capt. Jonathan Britton, aged about 84 years.

County Commissioners' Accounts.

County of Oxford to Jonathan B. Smith, Dr.
For Services as County Commissioner.
1843—Dec. 22. To 3 days making up Duplicate Reports on the petitions of Charles H. Chubb & others, and Geo. W. Springer & others, & transmitting the same to the Kennebec County Commissioners, \$7.50
To each said for postage on said Reports, 25
1844—May 11. To 6 days making up Reports on the petitions of John Greenleaf and others, Aaron Cummings, Agent for Albany, Cornelius Holland, Agent for Canton, Isaac Strickland, Agent for Livermore, John Simmons, Special Agent for Canton, and of Daniel Warren and others, and drawing ten pairs of roads and alterations located on the above petitions, 16.25
\$24.75

County of Oxford to James Osgood, Dr.
To Services as County Commissioner.
1844—June 20. To travel from Fryeburg to Stephen Chandelers in Sumner and back on petition of John Briggs, Agent for Sumner, 88 miles, 5.50
One day attendance, 25
July 5. Travel from Fryeburg to H. B. Smiths in Peru and back—130 miles 13.00
To attendance 3 days in viewing, hearing parties and locating, 7.50
July 9. To travel from Fryeburg to Zelotes Bucks in Sumner and back, on petition of William T. Greenleaf and others—100 miles, 10.00
Six days viewing, hearing parties, and attendance on said petition, 15.00
To travel from Fryeburg to Hartford and back on the petition of Ephraim Russell & other, 100 m. 10.00
Three days viewing, hearing the parties, and locating on said petition, 7.50
To travel from Fryeburg to Josiah J. Knights in Woodstock and back by adjournment, on petition of Wm. T. Greenleaf and others, 110 m. 11.00
To 9 days viewing and locating, 22.50
To postage on letters, 83
\$108.38

County of Oxford to Jonathan B. Smith, Dr.
For Services as County Commissioner.
1844—June 29. To travel from Norway to Stephen Chandelers in Sumner and back on the petition of John Briggs, Agent of Sumner, 10 miles, 10 miles, 2.00
One day viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said petition, 25
July 6. Travel from Norway to H. B. Smiths in Peru and back on petition of H. B. Smith and others—60 miles, 6.00
Two days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said petition, 5.00
July 13. Travel from Norway to Zelotes Bucks in Sumner and back on the petition of Wm. T. Greenleaf and others—32 miles, 3.20
4 days viewing, hearing the parties and attendance on said petition, 11.25
18th. Travel from Norway to Hartford and back on the petition of Ephraim Russell and others, 25 miles, 2.50
23 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said petition, 9.00
Aug. 29. Travel from Norway to Jos. J. Knights in Woodstock and back, by adjournment, on the petition of Wm. T. Greenleaf and others, 120 miles, 12.00
Nine days locating, viewing and attendance on said petition, 22.50
\$66.50

County of Oxford to Joseph Tobin, Dr.
For Services as County Commissioner.
1844—June 29. To travel from Fryeburg to Stephen Chandelers in Sumner and back on the petition of John Briggs, Agent of Sumner, 90 miles, 9.00
One day viewing, hearing the parties and locating the same, 25
July 6. To travel from Fryeburg to H. B. Smiths in Peru and back to Fryeburg—110 miles, 11.00
To one and half days hearing parties and locating the same, 3.75
Ferryage, 25
13th. To travel from Fryeburg to Sumner and back—80 miles, on petition of Wm. Greenleaf & others, 8.00
4 days viewing, hearing parties, 11.25
Ferryage, 25

18th. To travel from Fryeburg to Hartford and back—80 miles, on petition of E. Russell, Jr., 8.00
To 4 days viewing, hearing parties and locating same, 6.25
Aug. 20. To travel from Fryeburg to Jos. J. Knights in Woodstock, on adjournment, 80 miles, 8.00
Nine days viewing and locating on petition of William Greenleaf, 22.50
Ferryage, 25
\$81.05

County of Oxford to James Osgood, as County Commissioner, Dr.

Oct. 14, 1844. To travel from Fryeburg to Morrells in Dixfield on petition of Phineas Howe and others, 65 m. 6.50
To 8 days viewing, \$15. To travel to Fryeburg, 65 miles, 6.50
To ferryage paid on said view, 50. To postage of letters, 25
Travel from Canton to Dixfield, 1.00
Oct. 21, 1844. To travel from Fryeburg to Livermore Corner, 45 miles. 4.50
To 6 days viewing, hearing parties and locating, 15.00
To travel to Fryeburg, 65 miles, 6.50
Oct. 30th, 1844. To travel from Fryeburg to Dixfield on petition of Howe and others, by adjournment, 65 miles, 6.50—Ferryage, 25, 6.75
To travel from Dixfield to Canton—100 miles, 10.00
To 6 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating, 15.00
To travel from Hollands in Canton to D. Noyes'—40 miles, 4.00
To postage of two letters, 20
Nov. 6th, 1844. To travel on petition of Ansel Town and others from Hollands in Canton to D. Noyes' in Norway, 40 miles, 4.00
To 5 days viewing and hearing parties, 12.50
Travel to Fryeburg, 34 3.40
Nov. 14, 1844. To travel from Waterford to Norway, 40 miles, 4.00
To travel from Fryeburg to D. Noyes on petition of Town and others by adjournment, 34 miles, 3.40
To 4 days locating, 10.00
To travel from Waterford to Noyes, 11 miles, 1.00
Travel to Fryeburg, 34 miles, 3.40
Nov. 21, 1844. To travel on petition of John C. West and others to J. J. Bragg in Letter B—82 miles, 8.20
To 4 days viewing, hearing parties, 10.00
To travel to Fryeburg, 82 miles, 8.20
To postage on letters, 30—Ferryage, 25, 55
\$150.56

County of Oxford to Jonathan B. Smith, Dr.

For Services as County Commissioner.
1844—Oct. 19. To travel from Norway to Dixfield & back on the pet. of Phineas Howe & others, 60 m. 6.00
To 4 days viewing and attendance on said petition, 11.25
26th. Travel from Norway to Livermore and back on the petition of Ezekiel Treat and others, 60 miles, 6.00
4 days viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition, 11.25
Nov. 6. Travel from Norway to Dixfield and back on the petition of Phineas Howe and others, 60 miles, 6.00
Six days viewing, hearing the parties, attendance and locating on said petition, 15.00
9th. Travel from home to David Noyes in Norway and back on the petition Ansel Town and others, 7 miles, 7.00
31 days viewing, hearing the parties and attendance on said petition 8.75
10th. Travel from home to D. Noyes in Norway and from Waterford home, on the petition of Ansel Town and others, 13 miles, 1.30
21 days locating on said petition, 6.25
24th. Travel from Norway to Letter B. and back on the petition of John C. West and others—100 miles, 10.00
14 days viewing and hearing the parties on said petition, 3.75
Dec. 2. Five days making up reports and drawing plans, 12.50
Stationary furnished for the use of the County for three years past, 3.00
\$101.78

County of Oxford Dr. to Joseph Tobin for Services as County Commissioner.

1844—Oct. 16. To travel from Fryeburg to Morrell's Tavern in Dixfield and back on petition of Phineas Howe—40 miles, 4.00
Attendance five days, 12.50
22nd. To travel from Fryeburg to Hillman's tavern in Livermore, on petition of Ezekiel Treat—seventy-five miles, 7.50
Six days attendance, \$15. Ferryage, 25, 15.25
27th. To travel from Fryeburg to Morrell's tavern in Dixfield, by adjournment, on petition of Phineas Howe—twenty-two miles, 2.20
Attendance seven days, 17.50
Nov. 6. To travel from Samuel Holland's in Dixfield to David Noyes' in Norway and back to Fryeburg, on petition of Ansel Town—one hundred miles, 10.00
Attendance four days, \$10. Ferryage, 25, 10.25
14th. To travel from Fryeburg to David Noyes' in Norway, by adjournment, on petition of Ansel Town—one hundred ten miles, 11.00
Attendance four days, \$10. Ferryage, 25, 10.25
21st. To travel from Fryeburg to John J. Bragg's tavern in Letter B. and back, on petition of John C. West—fifty-six miles, 5.60
Attendance two days, 6.00
\$104.45

Oxford County Commissioners Court.

MAY TERM—1844.
Jas Osgood, travel 70 ms. 7.00, attendance 3 days 7.50, \$14.50
J. B. Smith, " 10 " 1.00 " 3 " 7.50 8.50
J. Tobin, " 50 " 5.00 " 3 " 7.50 10.50
SEPTEMBER TERM—1844.
Jas Osgood, travel 70 ms. 7.00, attendance 3 days 7.50, \$14.50
J. B. Smith, " 10 " 1.00 " 3 " 7.50 8.50
J. Tobin, toll 25 " 9.25 " 3 " 7.50 16.95
DECEMBER TERM—1844—BY ADJOURNMENT.
Jas Osgood, travel 70 ms. 7.00, attendance 2 days 5.00, \$12.00
J. B. Smith, " 10 " 1.00 " 2 " 5.00 6.00
J. Tobin, " 100 " 10.00 " 2 " 5.00 15.00

CLERK'S OFFICE, OXFORD COUNTY, Dec. 17, 1844.

The foregoing accounts were severally made and sworn to by the respective Commissioners of said County, and were severally examined, audited and amount certified by the Clerk and County Attorney agreeably to law, and are truly copied by J. G. COLE, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rayson, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

JAMES SWAN, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the twentieth day of October, 1844, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will meet at that duty at the dwelling house of Timothy Carter, in said Bethel, on the second Monday of January and the second Monday of March next, from one to five o'clock P. M. on each of said days.
TIMOTHY CARTER, } Com'rs.
WILLIAM HOLT, }
Nov. 7, 1844. 3w32

Notice.

THE subscriber having contracted with the town of Canton to support the Paupers of said town the present year, hereby cautions all persons from harboring or trusting Ephraim Westcott, a pauper, on my account, or on account of said town, as I have made suitable provision for the maintenance of said Westcott at my farm, and shall pay no debts of his contracting or for his support after this date.
Canton, Dec. 4th, 1844. EZEKIEL TREAT, Jr. 3w32

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four—
Amelia Morse, Administratrix of the Estate of William Morse, late of Waterford in said county, deceased, having presented her third account of her administration of the estate of said deceased,
It was Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Waterford, on Monday preceding the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
32 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four—
Phoebe Perry, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Perry, late of Waterford in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the estate of said deceased,
It was Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Waterford, on Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
32 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

TO be sold at private Sale, by virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, the following described real estate belonging to Byron, Julia A., Milton, and John P. Farrar, minor children and heirs of David Farrar, late of Buckfield, in said County, deceased, the same being a part of the homestead of said deceased, one piece of land of about twelve acres bounded as follows, viz:—On the East by the town's road, on the South by the town road leading from Paris to the North by the Widow's Dower. Also, one other piece of land of about one acre, situated on the East side of the first mentioned road, and bounded on the West by said road, on the North by land set off to David Farrar, on the South and East by the Widow's Dower, together with a barn and two thirds of a Work Shop standing on the last mentioned piece of land. The 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th,

